MOTHER EARTH

Vol. X. August, 1915 No. 6

BAYONNE !

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Vol. X **AUGUST, 1915** **No. 6**

TO MY FRIEND, THE REVOLUTIONARY ORATOR

By Henrik Ibsen.

I grown conservative? Friend, you astound me!
I am the same as ever you found me.

To move the chessmen—what does that avail you?
Knock the game in a heap—then I shall not fail you.

Of all revolutions but one I cherish,
Which was not flimsy and amateurish.

That purged the world for awhile of iniquity,
I refer, of course, to the flood of antiquity.

But then, too, was Lucifer tricked by a traitor,
Noah outwitted him, turning dictator.

Try it next time more thoroughly; mind not the shriekers,
But for that we need workers—both fighters and speakers.

YOU raise the wild flood till it rage and roar fearfully;
I will place 'neath the ark the torpedo most cheerfully.

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OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

ON another page, Robert Minor points out the folly of "law-abiding" and "peace-loving" strikes. The strike of the employes of the Standard Oil Company in Bayonne, New Jersey, last month, the foul betrayal of the workers by the unspeakable Kinkead—who discovered in the situation an opportunity to make political capital for himself and to reveal to the Rockefellers his absolute servility to their interests, has shown up a double treachery on the part of the police and the politicians of New Jersey. The Government of the United States has practically confessed its subservience to the interests of the Rockefellers and the rest of its keepers.

Verily, it is an amusing spectacle to watch this virtuous old maid—the federal government, THE STATE, in a spasm of indignation and "strict accountability," sending rhetorical and cowardly notes to other governments because of the loss of American lives, when within the bounderies of its own jurisdiction, she not only countenances the shooting down of workers by armed thugs, but openly applauds the lowest brutalities.

Surely we shall be pardoned if we compare this Government to that amusing Mikado depicted by the late Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan. That potentate, you may recall, delighted in devizing means of killing people that were "humorous yet lingering." The Federal Steamship Inspection Service, a corrupt body of grafters,—corrupt naturally as part of a corrupt State,—has favored us with the spectacle of the sinking of the "Eastland" in the Chicago River, thereby bumping off 1,500 or so human beings into eternity. While the federal Government is demanding the protection of "American lives" on foreign ships, its own inestimable rottenness has produced, with the forces of Greed, this latest disaster. If our Government, or rather *your* Government, were in the least consistent, it ought to be declaring war on itself!

* * *

THE triumph of the herd-mind in Great Britain, the betrayal of British labor by the Union leaders is well indicated in this comment in *Freedom*:

"The Munitions Bill introduced by Lloyd George reveals what is the greatest piece of villanous treachery

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on the part of the Trade Union leaders, and at the same time demonstrates the truth of the saying that it is 'hard to push the British worker, but easy to lead him.' That is the principle upon which the whole scheme is to be worked, and by the agreement to suspend Trade Union rules and principles, many of which have been obtained by great sacrifice in the past, the worker is to enter into a voluntary enslavement which will bind him more surely than anything we know. The cry of co-operation in the country's hour of need is so much balderdash, for how often have the workers in *their* hour of need, when fighting a soulless boss, realised that behind the boss the forces of the State, the military and the police, were waiting the call to help him to defeat them? Where, then, lies the duty of the worker? Is it to help those who shot his fellows at Tonypandy, Llanelly, Liverpool, Dublin, and Johannesburg? No, his duty, whatever his leaders may promise on his behalf, is to himself. By this Act he can be shifted from one job to another, he may not leave his job, he must not ask for higher wages or shorter hours. He must not take a holiday. In short, he must do nothing but work and sleep, else the supply of implements for murder will suffer, and the interests of the master class be placed in jeopardy. It is not conscription. It is worse. It is State tyranny, which we have always foreshadowed as being the condition of things under State Socialism. Maybe the workers will reflect long and deeply upon the conditions their leaders have thrust them into, and, thinking deeply, act accordingly."

* * *

CHANCE has thrown into our hands a pamphlet concerning the amazing and spectacular Claflin sisters, Victoria and Tennessee. It is issued by M. F. Darwin of the Caulon Press, 241 West 37th Street, New York City. The Claflin sisters were active—very active—feminists in the 'seventies. The modern busybodies of the suffrage and feminist movements are the veriest pigmies in comparison; and they might well study the methods of these two women. They were past masters in the art of direct action for the purpose of propaganda. They lived their convictions; were arrested time after time, and suffered persecution and ostracism. The

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miserable, puny outlook of our "radical" feminists of the present day represents a disgraceful degeneration and reflection of the ideals and visions of these two women.

They started in the political field, but were not entrapped by the illusions of suffrage. Their teachings soon took another and more radical form, for the Claflins saw that "the vice of government, the vice of education, the vice of religion, is one with that of private like—it does not hold men sacred—that is, man and woman. All worthy reform must begin with their domestic life; and since almost all the diseases of society have their root either in the ignorance or abuse of the true relations of man and woman, so must their eradication proceed from a recognition and readjustment of those relations." This was said in 1872, but we are not aware that the Claflin sisters ever claimed, as many of those who parade some petty stale bit of an idea to-day, that they themselves were great "pioneers." But they modestly admitted that they were willing to persist in their quest for equality and true justice even "if we should in the effort uproot all foundations and precipitate revolution and chaos." So they instinctively felt that foundations must be uprooted. In one word, they possessed spirit, fire, and idealism; whereas the modern champions of feminism strike us in comparison as a loudly clucking, aimless, constipated type of barnyard fowl.

Mr. Darwin announces the "Life of Tennessee Claflin, together with her essays, lectures and other works." It is sure to prove interesting and amusing reading.

* * *

L'*ERA NUOVA* of Paterson, N. J., has completed a stormy career of twenty years, and has issued an admirable anniversary number, containing among other articles, a history of the paper by A. Guabello. It originated as *La Questione Sociale*, we believe, and one of the first editors of the sturdy, indomitable, sheet was Pietro Gori, who arrived in Paterson one day in sailor's garb, strong and eager to spread the fire of Anarchy among the Italian immigrants in America. Errico Malatesta became editor in 1899. On July 30, 1900, some time after the departure of Malatesta, came the news of the execution of the King of Italy by Gaetano Bresci, one

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of the former comrades of the Paterson group. This event inaugurated a period of trials and vicissitudes—persecution by police, spies, and lying newspaper reporters. But the energy and vitality of the Paterson comrades was only strengthened by this battle with ignorance and stupidity, a battle that was to be repeated after the death of McKinley. Paterson and *La Questione Sociale* were then looked upon as the birthplace of every "conspiracy" against established disorder on this planet.

Under Luigi Galleani, the Paterson group of *La Questione Sociale* awakened the spirit of revolution among the silkworkers, declaring a general strike, and precipitating a battle with the authorities that is now famous in the history of revolutionary labor. Galleani and his comrades prepared the field for the I. W. W. Guabello's is a thrilling, inspiring account of a tremendous battle. The story of *La Questione Sociale*—now *L'Era Nuova*—is dramatic and significant, a vivid instance of human bravery and courage against tremendous odds. The paper deserves the support and congratulations of every revolutionist in America.

* * *

IN a letter to the London *Spur,* Mauricius writes from Paris, concerning the present attitude of French Anarchists on the war: "Many of the obstinate (?) have crossed to England, Spain or Switzerland. *A few are at the front against their will.* Only a small number have joined in the chorus with the patriots and the governors. All the militants, from Sebastien Faure to E. Armand (if we include P. Martin), have remained anti-patriotic. The *Temps Nouveaux* alone has joined with Jean Grave and Peter Kropotkin. Among the Syndicalists the *Vie Ouvriere* group, Monatte and Manheim, supported by a small minority, are clearly against the war. The Socialists and the rest of the C. G. T. howl with the masters!"

* * *

THE following report from Paris appeared on July 23rd: "A verdict of guilty was returned and sentences of imprisonment were imposed to-day in the trial before the Permanent Court-Martial of four anarchists, M. Prouvoit, an eccentric millionaire; M. Donnadier and his wife

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and Emile Hureau, who were charged with the circulation of seditious matter.

"Mme. Donnadier was sentenced to three years' imprisonment and to pay a fine of 1,000 francs ($200); M. Hureau was given a similar sentence; M. Prouvoit must spend one year in prison and pay a fine of 1,000 francs, and M. Donnadier will be incarcerated for seven months.

"It was charged that the four defendants sent through the mails thousands of copies of anti-militarist pamphlets. These pamphlets accused the Government of deceiving the people, pleaded for desertions from the army and urged peace at any price. M. Prouvoit, who is 60 years of age, owns a spacious villa, "Rockhill," at St. Raphael. M. Hureau is a poet and mystic."

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HARRY THAW told Dorothy Dix that in this country there is one law for the rich and another law for the poor. Harry thinks, so Dody tells us in the *Evening Journal*, that the rich guy always gets the worst of it. Rich and virtuous young Pittsburghers are sent to asylums; poor but vicious folk are always set free. Now that Harry has been judged safe and sane, he ought to start a Society for the Prevention of Injustice to the Very Rich. But, incidentally, where and what would Harry be now if he had committed a poor, little, mean and miserable murder that was devoid of that distinction and *éclat* that Wealth always lends to such frivolities?

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SHERIFF'S ORDERS!

By Robert Minor.

THE strikers of Rockefeller's oil works in Bayonne, New Jersey, were protected by "the law." The law said they had a right to go peaceably on strike and ask others not to take their places. No one "could do a thing to them." So, legally, they are now perfectly well, free and happy.

But in fact the bravest of them are lying in jail, hospitals and graves. Rockefeller's thugs acted directly. They let the strikers have the law, while they themselves preferred clubs and guns. Did you ever witness a fight between a gun and a legal right?

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Strikers, standing unarmed and silent, were attacked and beaten senseless. Before a finger was moved in defense, on one morning, I saw Inspector of Police Daniel Cady point an automatic pistol at six men whose backs were turned and pull the trigger three times. When the pistol missed fire, he threw it down in disgust. Other officers' weapons did not miss fire. I saw men who merely stood in the street inactive, beaten to a bloody mass while their arms were held. A boy was shot dead. Then others.

A dreamy-eyed youngster, product of the peace-loving Socialist party, rose to leadership. Pretending to be his friend, the sheriff got him inside the company's works and personally slugged him. After the beating the boy was jailed and, meanest of all tricks, an alleged confession of treachery to the strikers was produced over his signature. With this and the accusation that the boy had stolen the strikers' funds (which I myself had seen handed to him with instructions to use as he might see fit), the sheriff addressed the strikers.

He conducted a "debate" as to the advisability of deserting the strike, and arrested any one who took the negative view. He waved the United States flag, of course, appealed to race prejudice, and then COMMANDED the strikers to return to work. *The Sheriff's orders!*

Every "lawful" means was employed by the strikers. Then they fired a few shots with nondescript guns and heaved a few bricks. No one minded this as long as the thugs were better armed. The main thing was to keep the strikers without organization. As quickly as any one took the leadership he was arrested. Why? *Sheriff's orders!*

Thugs armed to the teeth took possession of the strikers' meeting hall. What right? *Sheriff's orders.*

* * * *

Thus the workers are told to depend upon that ghastly myth, the "Law," to work laboriously through the years building up paper rights, and then, when the crisis comes for which the law was made, they are met with bullets and sheriff's orders.

The law is made for a blind. It is an excuse only,

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never a reason. The will of POWER is always enforced, in the form of law if convenient, regardless of law if otherwise. Law is made to baffle the wits of the weak and has never been known to inconvenience the strong.

No, Workers, you cannot depend upon the "Law." Other weapons rule. It's the sheriff's orders.

A STUDY IN FACT

By RUDOLPH ROCKER

(Rudolf Rocker, at present a prisoner of war in England, and formerly editor of the Jewish ARBEITER FREIND, publishes in the London SPUR a series of articles on the War in opposition to Peter Kropotkin's pro-ally writings. We reprint his conclusions.)

THE Russian despotism is older, much older, than the present German State. It also is much older than the Prussian State, which has had such a terrible influence on the political and social development of Germany. Those who are at all acquainted with history, know that the Prussian State developed directly under the protection of Russian and French absolutism. The Dukes of Brandenberg—*i.e.*, the predecessors of the Prussian Monarchy—were only paid servants of the French Feudalistic Monarchy; and the Prussian State was allowed to develop as a means of breaking the Austrian political power in Europe, a weapon in the hands of the French despots against the Hapsburg dynasty. The founders of the Prussian State were not allowed to have any political will of their own. They only were permitted to serve as tools in the hands of Russian and French despotism.

When Frederick the Great attempted to assert himself by refusing to give military assistance to Louis the Fifteenth against England, France united with Russia and Austria, and Germany was laid waste for seven years. Prussia would have completely disappeared from the map of Europe then, if her king had not thrown himself into the arms of the Russian despot. The Czar saved Prussia from certain extinction, on the one condition that the Prussian ruler became a dutiful and obedient servant of Czarism.

Kropotkin reminds us that, in 1905, the Kaiser was prepared to send an army into Poland to suppress the revolution. But that which the Kaiser only contemplated,

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Nicholas I. actually accomplished in 1848. At that time —when the Hungarian revolution everywhere was successful, when the Austrian Monarchy was tottering to its fall, and the German revolution had lifted its head once more—at that critical moment, the Czar came to the assistance of Austria with an army of 140,000 and defeated Hungary, the last hope of the 1848 revolution in Europe. True, the disgraceful act of Nicholas I., in no way, can justify the equally disgraceful plan of William II.; but it again shows that Germany is not the only danger in the world the revolutionaries have to reckon with.

Opinions differ as to which state is the greatest menace to the development of freedom in Europe. To Kropotkin, the centre of reaction is Berlin—and he has complained that, unfortunately, he is too old to shoulder a gun to defend France against German Huns. Bebel made a similar declaration twelve years ago when he avowed that, were there a war between Russia and Germany, he would take a gun and march, shoulder to shoulder, with the German bourgeoisie against barbaric Russia. To him, the centre of reaction was no other place than Petersburg, and he had as many arguments to urge against Russia as Kropotkin has against Germany. Had Bebel had the opportunity of reading Kropotkin's *Terror in Russia* he would have many more undoubtedly. In his reasons, Bebel was as correct as Kropotkin; in his conclusions, as false. When Bebel said he would take up a gun and march with the German bourgeoisie against Russia, he denied, thereby, everything he had stated about the "proletarian class struggle." And when Kropotkin said, in his interview with the Russian lawyer, Azeff, "that the people of the Allies must all take an active part in the present war and come to the assistance of their respective governments," it was as complete a denial of the elemental Anarchist principles which he has expounded in such a brilliant way.

That the German Social Democratic Party regard the war from the same point of view as Kropotkin, but look for the enemy in the opposite direction, will appear from the following quotation from *Vorwearts*:

"The victory over the Allies of Russia is only necessary

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because they are allied with Czarism. But that necessity exists only as long as England and France may hinder the destruction of Czarism. . . . We must not pursue, therefore, a policy which may prolong the enmity between Germany and the West European countries, *i.e.*, Germany must not seize any territory nor interfere in the integrity and independence of other nationalities, as that would give Russia the opportunity of playing the part of conciliator in Europe, even should she be beaten. . . .

"If we will not be able to defeat Czarism, should the strategical exigency take the place of the political necessity, it may happen the present war will result in another 'Holy Alliance,' whatever the intention of the rulers might be. Instead of an Alliance of the civilized nations, Czarism will continue to hold its ruling power. . . . If it should prove to be the case, the present war has lost all its justification.

"No! This war must not be a means of usurpation and the building up of a new world-power in place of the British and Russian world-power: but it must be the means of freeing all nations. Freedom from Muscovitism: freedom and independence for Poland and Finland; a free development for the great Russian nation herself, and the destruction of the unnatural alliance of two civilized nations with barbaric Czarism—this is the aim that called out the enthusiasm of the German people, and hence their readiness to make the necessary sacrifices."

The above view, no less than Kropotkin's, may be held by an ordinary radical citizen. It has nothing in common with Socialism, and less with Anarchism. In both cases, it seems to be forgotten that this war, like any in the past, is not in the interest of the so-called culture problems, but to advance certain economic and political ambitions; to extend the sphere of the power of the State and capitalism in the respective countries; particularly a competition of power between British and German capitalism. None of us know much of the secret intrigues of diplomacy. Hence we cannot say who is foremost in responsibility for the present catastrophe, but we know for certain that all governments have been participating in the secret intrigues and diplomacy of the finance kings. They have been preparing for this war for years, and none were surprised by the latest developments.

In his last work, *The Modern State,* in the chapter entitled, "The War," Kropotkin explicitly declares that the loan of £50,000,000 the Russian Government received from French capitalists in 1906, under the protection of the French Republic, *was accepted for the purpose of crushing the revolution.* Kropotkin details the enormous

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corruption in the French world of finance and ends with these sarcastic words:

"What a lucky incident it is! The Government of a big State is in danger! It has to suppress a Revolution! Such luck does not occur every day!"

But in his letter to Steffen, Kropotkin makes no mention of this disgraceful betrayal of the Russian revolutionaries by the Republican finance kings. Instead he says:

"Let us not forget, again, that when France advanced the loan to the Russian autocracy in 1906, it was because she felt that, if Russia was unable to reform her army after defeat in Manchuria, France would be torn to pieces by Germany, Austria, and Italy, who were allied against her."

We do not know the secret plans of the German Government, and we expect anything but good from her. But, with the best will in the world to believe what he says, we cannot see the least logic in Kropotkin's assertion If Germany really meant to destroy France and occupy Finland, etc., as Kropotkin states, the question is: Why did she not seize the opportunity when the Russian army was paralysed so completely after its defeat in Manchuria? Why did she make no attempt to realize her ambition? Just at that moment the German despot addressed to Nicholas the famous telegram: *"Russia's mourning is Germany's mourning."* It would have been so easy for it to have been Russia's mourning and Germany's joy!

No! There is no reason, whatever, to change our former attitude with regard to the State and Capitalism. If a revolution had broken out in France, and the Kaiser, with his armies, had attacked her in order to suppress it, then even we would have taken a gun in defence of France. Only in such circumstances can Socialists and Anarchists justify war. Every other war is only a curse to mankind, a hindrance to real progress, and an enemy to every development of freedom. Such is the present war. And as an Anarchist we still stand, to-day, for the same principles as Kropotkin formerly represented with us, and which we now represent without him and against him.

The whole civil press in Britain and France, the statesmen and politicians, use the same arguments as are em-

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ployed now by Kropotkin. They all talk of the cultural meaning of this war, and condemn Germany for invading the neutrality of Belgium and for attacking France. But such disgraceful acts are not confined to the German State and the German "Huns." Those great statesmen know this only too well. The subordination of India and Egypt, and the attack on the Transvaal by Britain; the suppression of Morocco by France; the murderous conduct of Italy in Tripoli, etc., prove that the "Huns" do not live in Germany only.

We certainly condemn the brutal deeds of the German armies in Belgium, and our entire sympathy goes out to the innocent victims of the bestiality of militarism. Our sympathy goes out, also, to the unfortunate inhabitants of Galicia, East Prussia, etc., who suffer the same pain and are in a like helpless condition. They are, undoubtedly, no more responsible for the crimes of their respective governments than are the peasants and workers of Belgium. It is not because we stand for one or the other of the robbers that we tender our sympathy, but because we carry on a fight against the whole murderous system, and its brutal and tyrannical representatives in order to bring about a brighter and better future for mankind.

Militarism may be developed more in Germany, but its spirit is everywhere the same. It is the spirit of barbarism, tyranny, and brutal force. Militarists like Kitchener and Roberts, Joffre and Favre, Moltke and Klück, belong to different nations, but are united through ideas and aims, and are, everywhere, the tools of reaction.

Kropotkin talks about the degradation of the German nation during the last forty years, and its thirst for war. According to him, every German is a born soldier, a wild savage who always is ready to spring upon his prey. Kropotkin makes no difference between the German State and the German people. If forty years could produce such a change in a nation, the question is: Then in what condition of decadence and degradation must the Russians be, who were brought up for centuries under the yoke of brutal despotism?

We do not deny the psychological influence of the military system on the spirit of the masses. We are not blind to the corrupting impression made by the pro-German agitation. Though we detest with all our heart this

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method of poisoning the minds of the people, we must say that Kropotkin's vision of the German people has no connection whatever with the reality. The Germans are no more warlike than any other people. On the contrary, they are inclined to be more peaceful than most other nations. The German Anarchists and Revolutionists find it a hard fight to overcome the pacificism of their countrymen. Were the Germans more warlike, they would long since have overthrown their military yoke. This sounds paradoxical, perhaps, but those who are acquainted with Germany know this to be only too true.

Thousands of young men leave their fatherland every year, because they hate the barracks like poison. Thousands ruin their health and make cripples of themselves, for the same reason. If they should abolish compulsory service in Germany, not a single soldier would be left in the barracks. Had the German people had any say, we would have no war. The same is true of other nations, no doubt. This is really the tragedy, that the people allow themselves to be ruled by a handful of bandits!

True, the spirit that rules Germany, to-day, is one of hate, revenge, and murder. The same is true of Britain, Russia, and France. Let Kropotkin only glimpse at the mediæval accusations against the Germans, with which the British press is filled daily. Let him give his own verdict about the pogrom-tactics of the Conservative press, and the brutal persecution of thousands of German workers and their families in this country, that cannot be justified on any grounds of exigency. Then let him tell us, if Germany alone is the home of degradation and decadence.

A few months ago, the word "Cossack" embodied with it, in this country, the idea of barbarism and brutality. To-day, the Cossack is the hero of the whole English press. Men like Chesterton and Cunningham Grahame tell us of "the democratic spirit" in Russia, and Kropotkin's daughter idealises the Russian officer in the Liberal *Daily News*. And this change came about in a few weeks, not in forty years. Is this not a sign of decadence?

We will say nothing about Kropotkin's optimism over Russia's near future. But, if he thinks that, "the unity of all parties against the common enemy will make it impossible for that country to go back to its old autocracy,"

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we sincerely hope that he will not find himself deceived. So far the Russian government has made no compromise with the progressives, but the revolutionaries have compromised with Czarism. Not only has the Russian despot not allowed the least freedom for the moment, but he has suppressed all hitherto existing liberties. For instance, the rights enjoyed by the Jewish people in those parts of Austria that Russia has captured. The Czar has made a few indefinite promises that is all. Kropotkin knows best what value such "promises" have.

He opines that it is dangerous for a despot to play with revolution. We do not doubt the danger, but we know, also, that often despotism is victorious. The Prussian despot promised his people a constitution, if they would help him to defeat Napoleon I. But when the people had driven off the French, the King forgot the constitution and became a member of the Holy Alliance. It is really danger for the despot to play with revolution. But it is much more dangerous for revolutionaries to play with despotism.

Kropotkin appeals to those who stand for the great principles written on the banner of the International. We stand for them: that is why we are against Kropotkin in the present crisis. The International taught us that the workers have their own interests, which are the same in all countries. It did not teach us that we had to march shoulder to shoulder with our governments, but to unite in the struggle against all government, against all forms of exploitation. On the banner of the International was *not* written: "Proletarians of all lands, *kill* each other!" But: "Proletarians of all lands, *unite!*" Kropotkin's attitude involves the bankruptcy of international solidarity. Of that he will convince himself when the war is over. But we stand firm and true to the old banner of Anarchism, against State and Capitalism, for the complete emancipation of the whole human race.

THE "LIBERTY BELL" AND LIBERTY

By Mathew A. Schmidt.

ALL school children know the story of the "Liberty Bell" and the part this bell played in the fight for freedom. All school children are taught to wor-

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ship liberty and the men who fought so gallantly for the freedom of the early settlers of this land.

Who has not seen a picture of the Bell, reposing in a glass and mahogany case, in Independence Hall, Philadelphia? Each picture shows the crack down the side of the Bell (the result of an accident many years ago); a crack that forever stilled the silvery tones, that once heralded freedom.

A couple of years ago a new crack was discovered in this wonderful relic. The cause for this new crack has until now been a mystery. The Bell had not been disturbed, its case showed no signs of violence; and yet the crack is there. Scientists and other learned men have pondered long and hard. Why should this grand old Bell, at this time, show new evidence of destruction. The mystery has at last been solved.

A few years ago a scientist working in the laboratory of Madame Curie in Paris, accidentally discovered Radium. The scientific world was advised of the wonderful properties of this metal and its probable effect on the problems then confronting mankind. Radium was to cure cancer, make the blind see, make the lame walk and even heal a faulty conscience.

Recently a scientist has discovered that all matter is Radio-active that is that all matter, especially minerals, give off Radium rays.

If this is true, and no doubt it is, it naturally follows that all matter absorbs rays. It is safe to predict that sooner or later some scientist will be able to prove that all matter has feeling. Many mechanics know that on certain days an otherwise docile and self-respecting machine will balk and refuse to perform its alloted task. We all know how it is necessary to humor and watch the thing and coax it into submission. These mechanics would almost swear that this mass of metals has feeling and a way of expressing them. It was this very thought that led to the solution of the mystery of the new crack in the "Liberty Bell."

If we will but go over the recent history of these United States; if we will note the assaults on the liberties of its citizens and their meek submissions thereto, if we will recognize how the courts have been prostituted, legisla-

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tion sold to the highest bidder, how men and women have been murdered, thrown into prison or bull pen and been made to suffer every indignity known to man, all in the name of "law and order," if we will but remember the gunmen and private detectives of Colorado, of West Virginia, of Michigan, the Bull pens of Idaho, the horrors of the hop fields of Wheatland, the abridgment of free speech at San Diego, Los Angeles, Portland and Spokane, if we make a list of all of these assaults on the Liberties of a supposedly free people, we can find a cause for the actions of the "Liberty Bell."

This old bell that witnessed the fight against the oppression and tyranny of England; that helped men like Jefferson, Paine, Washington and Franklin to arouse the Colonists to battle, cannot understand why men and women are so careless of their Liberties. I cannot understand why in a rich country like this, millions of people are starving that a few may have ease and luxury, why on the one hand we have the worst of slums and on the other hand millions of acres of land are lying idle.

This new crack is very likely a sign that the old Bell recognizes the danger and is making a mute appeal, to the men and women, who are stripped of their birthright, to arise and once again make this the "Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave."

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THE SCHMIDT-CAPLAN DEFENSE

BY ALEXANDER BERKMAN.

THE John Lawson case has surely helped to enlighten to some extent the people of this country as to the character of the great labor struggle. Among the workers especially I notice the growing feeling that there is no hope for the toilers in the old methods of indirection and weak pleading. The real function of government and the courts is being gradually perceived by ever larger masses.

The more intelligent and energetic elements of labor are now fully aware of the fatal mistake made in the Lawson case by the policy of silence—till after Lawson's conviction. The sentiment is becoming stronger that if the workers had taken a strong stand *before* Lawson's trial, the result might have been different.

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The progressive elements of California labor at least are determined that there shall be no repetition of the Lawson case in the instance of Caplan and Schmidt. They know that the conspiracy of silence must be broken, and that the widest publicity must be given the matter unless we want to sacrifice our prisoners of war to the blood-thirst of the enemy.

Much valuable time has been lost in puerile efforts to induce the masters to live up to verbal agreements, "to be good." Finally, however, it has been realised that it is up to labor itself to find protection against the oppression and persecution of the masters.

A campaign of publicity has been determined upon in the Caplan-Schmidt case, to rouse the workers of the whole country to the real significance of the situation. The first step was a mass meeting in San Francisco, held May 23d, under the auspices of the International Workers' Defense League of that city, an organization consisting of delegates from various labor and other bodies.

That meeting sounded the keynote of the struggle: David Caplan and Mathew Schmidt are not merely individuals charged with some crime, but are in reality representatives of the great army of labor in whose persons the masters seek to terrorize the workers at large and break the spirit of labor's resistance to oppression.

There are many features in the labor movement of this country that are deeply disheartening: the lack of understanding of basic solidarity, lack of united effort and courageous action, the appalling waste of energy and money in vain, ineffective and weakening patching and pleading. But here and there there is an oasis of dawning light that gives encouragement and hope of the innate power and force of labor.

Such bright spots were the enthusiastic meetings in San Francisco, followed by a great Caplan-Schmidt demonstration in Los Angeles, held in the auditorium of the Labor Temple on June 24th. All phases of labor were represented, and the large gathering was vibrant with the spirit of labor's solidaric power.

Those mass meetings initiated the Defense League's campaign of country-wide agitation and protest in behalf of Caplan and Schmidt.

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It cannot be emphasized too strongly or too frequently that the Caplan-Schmidt case is but one of the phases of the larger social drama that is being played upon the world-wide stage of the labor war. It is highly gratifying therefore that the more enlightened elements of labor are alive to the situation and fully realize the importance and significance of the Los Angeles case. And I know that our friends will be still more gratified to know that I have been selected by the Caplan-Schmidt Defense League of Los Angeles to help organize the solidaric forces of all elements friendly to this fight, and to crystallize the militant attitude of the workers throughout the country. I carry credentials from the Defense League, from the International Association of Machinists, and from the Building Trades Council of Los Angeles, together with copies of the Caplan-Schmidt resolutions passed by the Building Trades Council of San Francisco and adopted unanimously by the Convention of the State Building Trades Council of California held in San Francisco during the week commencing March 15, 1915.

My mission is to establish Defense Leagues in the cities I visit, to secure moral and financial aid for the Defense, and to help organize a chain of mass meetings to cover the country from New York to San Francisco, to voice the sentiments and determination of the workers against the tyranny of the masters.

I left Los Angeles, July 9th, and have already organized Defense Leagues in Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis and Chicago, as well as secured some funds. All branches of labor, without regard to local or other affiliations or creeds are coöperating in this great movement. For this fight is not a question of philosophic theory or particular ism; it concerns the more vital issue of the great struggle of labor for unity, solidarity and ultimate emancipation from wage slavery.

It is now up to revolutionary elements especially to prove the real value of their professions and to demonstrate to the country at large their actual sympathy and coöperation with the awakening proletariat.

In the five days that I have spent in Chicago so far, I have addressed the Joint Session of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and the Brotherhood of Loco-

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motive Firemen and Engine Men, various central bodies and local unions of the American Federation of Labor, the City Central of the Workmen's Circle (representing 40 branches), the United Jewish *Geweizshaften,* and several radical and progressive organizations. In every instance have I met the fullest coöperation and sympathy.

I shall remain in Chicago for several weeks. Labor and other organizations between here and New York, who want me to address them or to organize mass meetings, should communicate with me at once, at 917 Fine Arts Building, Chicago. Resolutions and funds can be directed either to me or to Tom Barker, secretary of the Building Trades Council of Los Angeles and treasurer of the Caplan-Schmidt Defense League, 201 Labor Temple, Los Angeles, California.

IN BACK OF ANTHONY

By W. S. Van Valkenburgh.

(Anthony after all is still on the job, purifying America and other sections of the solar system. Van Valkenburgh indicates in this article the forces of ignorance, stupidity, greed, and murder which sustain his power and render the government of the United States ridiculous in failing to rid itself of all that incubus represents. An account of Anthony and the Purity Congress in San Francisco we hope to publish next month.)

IT was under the paternal patronage of such Christian lights of love and charity as Wm. Dodge, Jr., M. K. Jesup, J. Pierpont Morgan, Samuel Colgate and many other merchants, financiers and exploiters, that the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice was launched several decades ago.

On May 16, 1873, The New York State Legislature granted this organization articles of incorporation as an official adjunct to the police departments of the various cities within the jurisdiction of the United States. At the same time, as if by some divine interception, Anthony Comstock came into being; not that he was really born at that time but in his present form he thrust himself upon the public as the immaculate censor of all that is true in nature. Judging from his exploits of forty years what a mortal terror it must be to this he-angel to look back to the day he made his first appearance on this planet devoid of the conventional frock coat and long trousers

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and exposing his unclothed anatomy to the vulgar gaze of doctor and nurse! What unequalled fortitude must be his to have borne this mental anguish all these years with the frightful thought of his juvenile indiscretion ever on his mind. The fortieth annual report of this society begins "We first of all thank Almighty God the giver of every good and perfect gift....His blessings upon our efforts during the past year call for profound thanksgiving to Almighty God, and for grateful and loyal service in the future." It ends with an appeal for three hundred thousand dollars to place the society upon a self-sustaining basis and, lest one should forget, appends a form of bequest to be filled out before the reader shifts this mortal coil.

It is quite likely that any allusion to the worldliness of this heavenly group would be hotly resented by its members, and yet it is interesting to note that ample provision is included in its charter to acquire property with the modest proviso that the annual income from such possession shall not exceed fifty thousand dollars "in its corporate capacity" and furthermore it appears to protect itself very well from having to fall upon the mercy of God by investing something over sixty-one thousand dollars in four and five per cent. bonds and showing an income from investments for 1913 of over three thousand dollars. Such thriftiness is no doubt necessary for it to pay salaries amounting to fourteen thousand dollars, of which Mr. Comstock as secretary and guardian angel undoubtedly receives the lion's share. While referring to this report it would be unjust to those kind and generous contributors to pass over without mentioning the Carnegies, Colgates, Schiffs, and that upstart of Colorado fame, John D. Rockefeller, Jr. These friends of the poor and oppressed together with others donated during 1914 something over eleven thousand dollars for the perpetuation of Comstock's reign.

There should be no questioning the honourable purposes of this society. Its supporters bespeak its angelic purity.

There is evidently little that escapes the penetrating eye of Anthony, for he tells of walking along Nassau Street one day; not with head erect as men of Godliness are

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supposed to walk, but like a rag picker looking for cigar stumps, and discovering a piece of folded paper lying on the sidewalk upon which was written a foul poem of fourteen verses. On the back of this "clue" was a boy's name and address. Well one may easily guess what happened. He found the boy who lost it and learned from him where he got it, then he interviewed another boy and then a girl and then another boy and so on *ad infinitum*. He says he destroyed the poem and thereby saved many souls from the devil, his favourite *mot d'ordre*.

It is strange how one can always find filth when looking for it. Anthony frankly admits that "it is doubtful if any priest of the Roman Catholic Church has more pathetic tales to listen to in the confessional than we have in our office" and like his contemporary woman haters of the cloth he pats the young sinners on the back and bids them in the Master's name to "Go and sin no more."

This prying old hypocrite who prowls around all hours of the day and night, from town to town and pulls men out of bed, haling them to court and urging their conviction for having in their possession a picture of a nude woman or a book that offends his holy sanctity has been a special agent of the post-office department ever since March 5, 1873. It is too bad that this government of the "free and the brave" cannot connect up with a few more sixteenth century fossils that we might have real Russian censorship (for Tony can't catch us all) then perhaps the people would wake up and remove the cause of this moral pestilence.

Since January, 1914, Anthony has caused the arrest of 176 persons and secured 141 convictions. This is work that any Christian should be properly proud of, and Anthony is. For above all things else, he is first and last a Christian. During his reign of officialdom he claims responsibility for three thousand eight hundred arrests and over two thousand sentences; fines amounting to over two hundred and thirty thousand dollars turned in to the various courts and an aggregate of 573 years imprisonment imposed as well as the confiscation of 170 tons of literature.

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If the Pinkertons can show such a record as this, they at least don't openly boast about it.

This is the beast who promised Bill Sanger immunity if he would betray his wife. This is the antediluvian monster who begs of men for help and thanks God when he gets it or damns the devil when he doesn't. And he presumes to judge the work of Margaret Sanger.

To such a mind as must be his the noblest works of nature are but the incarnate products of perdition.

To make Comstock human would require emasculation of the heart; cautery of the brain and trepanning of the soul performed in a pest house not too far from a funeral pyre.

There are two ways to break his evil rule.

One is to abnegate to his infamy and submit to the postal regulation No. 211. To stifle every impulse for pure and truthful sex enlightenment and wait and vote and vote and wait again in the fond but futile hope that some honest crook might be elected who will be the means of beginning of the end of Comstock's spell.

The other way is to take that right which only those of fearless heart and indomitable will have done since history first was written. To do as Margaret Sanger has done. To do as Charles Bradlaugh and Annie Besant did forty years ago in England; as the people of Holland did to force the legalization of contraceptive knowledge, not by legal procedure but by open defiance and adamant tenacity compel the lords of law and violators of liberty to capitulate or make their enactments ridiculous even as the New York State saloonkeepers have done to the Raines law.

Obviously the rumpus aroused by Comstock over the propaganda of Margaret Sanger on Birth Control has proven a boomerang, no matter what may be the final disposition of her case the question has been brought to the attention of people who would otherwise have taken no particular notice of it, due in part to the cowardice of the medical profession which—with a few exceptions—have placed their official seal of approval on the methods of Comstock and to the natural indifference of so many people in regard to medical truths.

Margaret Sanger is by no means alone in her deter-

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mination to spread the knowledge of scientific prevention and whether she goes to prison or whether she goes scot free she has friends and comrades who will carry on her work in a manner well calculated to make Comstock and his Y. M. C. A. cohorts convulse in their impotency at its nationwide effectiveness. Short methods produce results.

It is incumbent upon all radicals to render this Society for the Suppression of Vice an obsolete institution, with the thumbscrew and the rack, and delegate it along with Saint Anthony to the scrap heap with the rest of the human plagues that have dominated the race and desecrated reason.

The politicians won't do it; the lovers of freedom must.

ON LISTENING TO THE WISE MEN

By DAVID LEIGH.

IT must be a terrible thing to be loaded down with TERMS—to have your head so jammed crammed full of Science that you have no room for Sense. That seems to be the chronic state of the American Medical Association's representatives who have been holding forth in San Francisco. By their own testimony they know all about disease. They know how it looks. They know how it acts. They can tell you all about a bug (any bug), from the time it begins to quiver till you begin to quake. They can state it in terms that would make the covers of any dictionary curl with envy. But after that? You are quietly dismissed with no more than the searing memory that not a single challenge was hurled at the cause of you and your brothers' distress. Pitiful, yes. But not alone that. It is a preposterous piece of charlatanism for a body of scientific men to lay claim to advisorship and not in a single instance assail the soil which makes for the infection they pretend to combat. Bugs, yes. But all the bugs have not been put to the test of the microscope. If anybody doubts this let him give one of these "ology" experts a hearing. He will come away wiser about terms but dumb and still wondering about Tears.

They told us about Plagues. They said there was a

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Red one and a White and and a Bubonic one. They said that the White one was eating us alive but that the Red one was worse. They showed this to be a fact by flashing pictures of the Red Plague's inroads. And then they quoted that would-be Limiter-of-Life, Dr. Osler, to prove that over seventy-nine per cent. of all our ills are directly attributable to either gonorrhea or syphilis. Even such innocent little home maladies as rheumatism, it would seem must hereafter come under the head of Red Plague infection, largely, not to mention sterility, bride-appendicitis and middle-age stricture. Peevish gentlemen and complaining spouses may argue their heads off about incompatibility of temper, but while *spirochete* and *gonococci* remain in charge of impotent organs, it will avail nothing to implore relief at the hands of governing bodies. The asylums, the jails, the homes, the hospitals, all combine to furnish the quota demanded by this ravager of life and limb. And it grows apace in spite of remedies, in spite of Wassermanns, in spite of claimed cures which are by many supposed to successfully resist its advance.

THESE things were admitted freely, but after admitting them these pompous pinheads stopped short and were silent. It would be interesting to know why they stopped. Were they afraid? Or was it because their interest did not extend beyond the mere exhibition of discovery? There must have been some men there who knew *why* we have gonorrhea, why we have syphilis, why we suffer at the hands of a scourge that could be checked if not obliterated. Some must have known. Why did they not speak? Why not one voice at least which should say: "You are rotten! You are insane. Your laws are vicious. Your schemes are death-laden. And your morality a stench in the nostrils of health!" Why did not such an one—if he listened and felt, thrill the rafters with the plaint of fearless protest? WHY? Perhaps a word from the audience will tell why.

The writer stood at the rear of the hall listening. A stately, well-dressed old lady approached, hauteur in her mien and temper in her eye.

"Why do they discuss such things as sif-lus?" she said. "I think it's dreadful to talk openly like this about such things."

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"Perhaps, madam," was the answer, "if we knew more about such things we wouldn't have so much of them."

"Well," she replied, "I am seventy-four years old and I never had it, and I can't see the sense of talking about it."

Would any but a fool press old age farther? George Eliot says you can't put new twists in old twigs. And that seems to be the case.

Another woman who said she was of the newspaper fraternity stood by.

"Isn't it terrible?" she ventured. "What are we coming to?"

"We're not 'coming,'" was the rejoinder. "We have arrived."

"But something ought to be done when it gets this bad," she answered.

"If the people would throw the leeches off their backs and stop worshiping false standards of morality, this state of affairs wouldn't last," was the retort.

"But that would mean revolution," said the timid person growing bold. "We couldn't have anything like *that!*"

NO, madam. We probably won't have anything like that for a long time to come. There are so many like you active and about. But meantime you may have a child. Your neighbors may have children. Your children may have children. And it is a ten to one shot the circle of snufflers will be increased by just so many individuals. You evidently don't know what half-moon teeth mean. Wouldn't recognize them if you saw them. But wait till you touch your eye with a cloth or something that has come in contact with the vigorous cocci that are multiplying while you sleep. Then you will know and weep. Which is a pity as it will be a tragedy.

A PROMINENT San Francisco woman physician addressed the Nurses' Association, which is also holding its yearly convention in the Exposition City. She had this to say of instruction along sex lines: "Sex education should be as much a part of the daily teaching as patriotism." This, from a woman supposedly learned—a member of the California Board of Health!

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If a brick-laying ignoramus coupled patriotism with sex we would check his enthusiasm off to mugginess and tab the conclusion as the verdict of a befogged mind. We expect a little more from the intelligence that can grapple successfully with disease. We expect it.

One medico emitted the astonishing accusation that the reason our health is impaired is because the ladies—at home and abroad, don't pay the proper attention to the art of cookery. "You should feed us better and we'd be all right," was his half-cocked finale. One of his hearers had a picture of under-paid shop girls, of toast burned on gas jets, of foodless factory hours and fretful infants, of aching frames, of disease rampant. That same person much regretted he had not a soiled egg or two to present to the gentleman in order that he might know the smell if not the taste of that sweet portion we give to our "worthy" poor.

The world is old but knowledge is young. Sometimes —when the fog is thick, it isn't easy to see a light ahead. But it always helps to close your eyes and *feel* the light —even when you can't see it.

AGITATION EN VOYAGE

By Emma Goldman.

SO many interesting events have occurred since we reached California, June 4th, it is difficult to decide just what to relate; every day was fraught with something, and all days, gloomy and bright, tragic and humourous, are necessary in the life of the Agitator.

First our own meetings, twenty-eight in the short span of one month. Our field had been thoroughly ploughed by our splendid workers, Billie and Perry McCollough, the success assured from the very start, inasmuch as we were located in our old and very faithful hall, The Burbank.

To expect that twenty-eight meetings should be attended regularly by large audiences is to expect the impossible, but the average was good, and so was the sale of our literature.

Our "staff," as Ben Reitman calls his co-workers, could very well stand the Taylor efficiency test, with this exception, while Taylor's crew move like sheep in dull

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obedience, our friends worked joyously, each taking part in filling his place to the best of his ability, because each loves the work; really the only efficiency which does not deteriorate.

Our lovely comrades, Dr. and Mrs. Fleming, deserved the champion belt for devotion, never failing us once; but there were many others who stood the strain heroically: the Craigs, both mother and daughter, the latter the true type of the younger generation knocking at the door, Fred Spear, Ben Capes, Leon Malmed, (both old soldiers but very young in the revolutionary movement), Bret McCollough, M. E. Johnson and many others, helped to make our stay in Los Angeles both joyous and profitable. Added to the friends already mentioned, must be Alexander Berkman and "Fitzie" who joined us from San Francisco and who were not a little instrumental in giving color to the *camaraderie* and good cheer; but, of course, the most untiring of them all is Ben Reitman; the work is life to him, ever in his mind, ever in his blood to the exclusion of all else.

Next to the course of lectures in Los Angeles, there were a number of unusual events: First my address before the Woman's City Club on "Feminism;" 500 woman-rights women, from the deepest red to the dullest gray came to see and hear the "disreputable" Emma Goldman. Once in the lions' den, I decided if I was to be devoured I must arouse the appetite of the beast to its right proportion. Was it the impudence on my part, or that the City Club women are a tame set? In any event, I am still alive, skin and all.

The more interesting and more vital thing was the Caplan-Schmidt meeting at the Labor Temple. That I should be able to speak in the sanctum of Labor, or rather of Labor leaders, was in itself worth coming to Los Angeles. Oh, the pathos of it all! In the day of judgment of human tragedies and comedies, the Los Angeles Labor Temple episode will no doubt be given proper consideration. It is of no moment at the present time; much more important is the fact that I have spoken in the Labor Temple. The Mexicans and Jews made up for the absence of the "brave" Americans, and their spirit and last pennies gave the meeting color, as well as

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$100.00 for the defense of our imprisoned comrades—$46.75 was added from our social in their behalf. While the sum seems small in proportion to the case, it is by far the largest amount collected at any meeting until now.

Our Caplan-Schmidt social was another great event both in point of spirit and artistic expression. George Edwards from San Diego, played his tremendous score to the Grand Inquisitor; Fred Spear sang and Ben Capes kept our audience in joyous laughter by his recitations. Of course there was dancing, which seems to be as necessary nowadays as food and air.

Our brave comrades Caplan and Schmidt were with us, although separated in the physical sense. They knew of the meeting as well as the social and they realized that both affairs were in the deepest sense of the word, an expression of true comradeship and revolutionary spirit; both our boys are an oasis in American labor, brave, undaunted, proud and with that amount of contempt for the "majesty" of the court and authority every revolutionist should have. Oh! if Labor, and especially Labor in California would only grasp the opportunity to sustain the social background of Caplan and Schmidt; if only they would!

Our friend, George Edwards, has reported our San Diego triumph; but what he could not report, nor could I for that matter, is the soul-inspiring sensation San Diego has aroused in all of us. No doubt some friends have suspected me of a sort of bravado when I declared that I would return to San Diego if it took the rest of my life, but to me the declaration was in dead earnest; therefore I felt that Anarchism heard in San Diego alone, will wipe out the hideous nightmare of three and two years ago.

Last year a brave and determined little woman, Minnie Remis, tried desperately to get a hall for me. The Socialists could have saved the situation, but they were too cowardly, so were the other hundred-and-one varieties of Radicals, including even those who stood firm at our last visit; but having looked into the contorted faces of the mob myself, I could not blame any one. However, the plan last year had to be abandoned.

This year I was fortunate in dealing with men, not old

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women, and they stood admirably to the finish. Primarily it was George Edwards, but for him the Open Forum might not even have thought of inviting me; but George the gentle, affectionate and non-aggressive has a way of his own in carrying his point. He was supported in his determination by De Jarnette and a few other brave men.

True to the spirit of their forbears who used direct action when throwing tea in Boston Harbor, this little band of American rebels refused even to be moved by the landlord, who declared that under no circumstances would he have E. G. speak in his hall. They sent the man about his business, took possession of the premises and the day was carried. The morning session was surcharged with intense expectation, a fitting atmosphere for Ibsen's "Enemy of the People." The lecture stopped by the vigilantes was finally heard in San Diego, June 20, 1915. George Edwards added color with an inspiring rendering from Tchaikovsky.

The afternoon was comparatively easy: the clouds having been dispersed and the sky cleared for the interpretation of Friedrich Nietzsche's philosophy. The house was packed with the most enthusiastic audience. Again our friend George added much to the affair by playing his own composition to Olive Shreiner's "Dream of Wild Bees." The day was closed with a social gathering and a short talk on the case of Margaret and William Sanger, and the necessity of birth control.

It was indeed wonderful; but most wonderful was the trip by auto during the night along the dangerous difficult road to San Diego. Three years ago Ben Reitman was forced to make part of the same trip in the midst of a mob of fourteen thugs, without a sympathetic soul near him, and I thought of the hideous night as our skillful woman chauffeur whisked us up and down the hills, past the precipice, along the steep stone piles into the open glorious country of southern California.

I had no certainty that I would succeed on this mission, but at least I was with friends and felt that I was coming to friends, so different from our comrade's terrible experiences of three years ago. And while I thought of it all I knew more than ever, that an ideal backed by determination, will overcome all obstacles, that the ideal

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alone is worth living and daring for. And so did Ben Reitman who returned to San Diego thereby breaking the nervous tension that was his for three years.

After Los Angeles and San Diego, San Francisco at first looked dreary and dead, but the tremendous interest in our work soon convinced us that one must never judge by first appearances. We are still in the midst of our meetings; will therefore discuss San Francisco in the next issue.

We open at Portland in the Scandinavian Hall, Fourth and Yamhill, August 1st to 10th; then Seattle from the 11th to the 19th, hall to be announced later; Butte, Montana, the 21st to the 24th, possibly Fargo the 26th, and back to Chicago the 28th; New York early in September. General Delivery will reach me in all the cities, with the exception of Chicago.

JOHN M. CHURCH*

BY EDGAR LEE MASTERS

I WAS attorney for the "Q"
And the Indemnity Company which insured
The owners of the mine.
I pulled the wires with judge and jury,
And the upper courts, to beat the claims
Of the crippled, the widow and orphan,
And made a fortune thereat.
The Bar Association sang my praises
In a high-flown resolution.
And the floral tributes were many—
But the rats devoured my heart
And a snake made a nest in my skull!

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* From Spoon River Anthology. Edgar Lee Masters. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

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WOE UNTO THE JEW

BY W. S. VAN VALKENBURGH.

TO point out the virtues of a particular person or group of persons does not necessarily imply partiality nor fetish worship.

While it is very difficult for an internationist to understand why the native of a given country should manifest any enthusiastic desire to take up arms, it is almost beyond conception why a Jew can even be urged to bear arms. Few, indeed, are emoluments that come to the patriot, but few as these are, even they are denied the Jew.

Just now the European governments outside of Russia are contemplating the segregation of the alien Jews into concentration camps until after the war, thereby making conscription virtual if not actual. While in Russia it is only too well known that upwards of 300,000 are fighting under the colors of the Tzar.

There were many well intentioned people who believed that when the Tzar addressed "my beloved Jews" at the beginning of the war, that at least a measure of relief from persecution was to be the lot of the Jew in the land of the Little White Father. Perish such false dreams! Never has the police surveillance over the Pale been more stringent. Never have the pogroms been more brutal and more frequent. Not even the families of the soldiers serving in the armies have been spared in the slightest. And these slaughters have been made the more furious because of the exceptional frenzy into which the *moujik* has been led by the military authorities and the immunities assured him due to the war.

The Jew has been banished for being a merchant. He has been banished for not being a merchant. He has been driven from his home both because he was a Jew and because he was a Christian. It seems that no fiendish ingenuity has been overlooked to make his life more unbearable or his presence more uncomfortable. And yet withal he bears up bravely under it.

While enlightened people, like the English and the French, enter into an unholy alliance with a government so vile, so treacherous and so historically brutal that its very name is synonymous with blood, the Jew plods

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faithfully on, true to any country in which he happens to be.

And the shame of it all is that he has ever been the victim of pitiless Christian tyranny and can yet grasp a Christian by the hand and be blinded by the deceit that dwells behind the eye that smiles him welcome.

To that noble little race that has endured such suffering must some day be paid the debt of gratitude for the intellectual wealth they have so lavishly spread o'er this earth. And for us who are not of Jewish birth it would be well to drink deep from the fountain of inspiration that has brought these people down thru the ages of fire and brimstone in spite of every obstacle, intact and true to themselves.

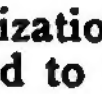
THE ANTI-CONSCRIPTION LEAGUE

(The following appeal has been sent out by the London FREEDOM. American sympathisers may send contributions for this League in care of MOTHER EARTH.)

THE Anti-Conscription League is an organization consisting of men and women who are totally opposed to Conscription in any shape or form, *whether Military or Industrial.* MEMBERSHIP of the League is confined to men who are likely to be called upon for service should Conscription become law, and who are determined to refuse such service—whatever the consequences may be. *Men above military age, and women, who are in sympathy with the aims of the League, are welcomed as Assooiates. The Associates of the League, besides assisting financially, will be able to render invaluable aid in educating public opinion, and organising protests against any suppressive proceedings which may be instituted against Members.*

The League bases its attitude upon the urgent need that has arisen for offering immediate and whole-hearted opposition to the threatened further enslavement of individuals through legislation.

If you are in agreement with the aims of the League, as stated above, act at once! Join the League to-day. Send your name and address (stating whether you are joining as Member or Associate) to the Secretary, Anti-Conscription League, 127 Ossulston Street, London, N.W., who will also gladly receive contributions. The minimum subscription (for Members and Associates) is sixpence per quarter.



ANARCHISM—The philosophy of a new social order based on liberty unrestricted by man-made law; the theory that all forms of government rest on violence, and are therefore wrong and harmful, as well as unnecessary.

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ANARCHIST LITERATURE

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